

## The King's Prisoner.

BY JOHN DICKINSON SHIPMAN.

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It was a cold December day, 1748, in the reign of his gracious majesty, George II. Yorkshire is bleak in winter and I remember well how bitterly the wind howled about Moor House that day of days. I sat idle at a window in my own particular wing of the old manor. My gaze was out on the wide moor, but my thoughts were far away in London. Lord! What a farago were those same thoughts. For I was but a girl and a beauty, and I had just returned from the gayeties of a London season. St. James', the Mall, Vauxhall, the whirl of fashion and frivolity, adulation, wholesale conquest—and not a man among all the dandies to touch a maiden's heart. Bah! Better far the keen winds of the woodlands and the dullness of an ancestral home. And yet—there was one—was he fop and fashion plate like the rest?

At this precise point I awoke from my day dreams and found that I was watching a little group of horsemen headed towards Moor House. As I watched them with idle curiosity, a flash of wintry sunlight brought out the gleam of red. "Soldiers!" I thought, and now I gazed with real interest, wondering what was their errand at the manor. Presently I could see that one of the riders in the center of the group wore no red. Soon they came clattering into the stable yard, and then I saw that he was a prisoner. His hands were tied and his feet were bound under the belly of his horse.

Forthwith I sent my maid to find who was the prisoner and what was the errand of the troopers at Moor House, and presently she returned with mouth agape to tell me that the prisoner was a most desperate and violent adherent of Prince Charlie, being conveyed to the Tower. The captain of the troopers had gone in to my father to ask leave to billet his men at the



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manor for the night. Now, my father was Hanoverian to the backbone; so I knew that the captain's request would be granted as a matter of course. And so it proved; for when I went down to dinner my lord presented to me Captain Huntly. And Captain Huntly, quite the town dandy and man of fashion, made his best leg and quite gallantly expressed his happiness over the honor of being presented to so famous a beauty as Lady Bess Heriot.

After dinner, finding the captain dull, I left the two men to their cards and has the sergeant of the troopers sent in to me. The poor man was quite overcome by the magnificence of my presence, and scarce managed to make intelligent answers to my questions about the prisoner. He was young, he said; scarce more than a boy, yet he was a most dangerous plotter and exceedingly skilled in the use of the sword. 'Twas certain that he had stood high in the councils of the Pretender; indeed, so valuable were the secrets he held that the King was determined to have them at any cost.

"A dangerous rebel," said I. "Then he is for a long imprisonment in the Tower."

"No, your Ladyship," replied he. "He will be but questioned at the Tower; then he goes to Tyburn Tree."

"What," cried I, "they will hang him?"

"Aye," he answered, grimly. "He is a most contumacious varlet. He has been offered pardon, if he would betray his friends and he has chosen death."

"And what's his name, sergeant?" said I.

"Walter Lennox is the name he's known by, your Ladyship, but 'tis said there is some mystery about him."

Heaven! I knew the man. Thrice had I met him in London, a dandy among dandies, masquerading under a cloak of fashion and frivolity. Yet I had suspected the masquerade. He was the one I had guessed might be a man.

My heart swelled within me for the pity of it, but I kept my face under the eyes of the keen old sergeant and agreed with him that no hardened wretch would be well punished. And finally I announced that I would see the desperate villain. The sergeant, nothing loth to exhibit his prisoner, and flattered by my interest, made ready a lantern and with Mistress Molly, I followed him to the coach room where a sentry stood watchful at the door, his bayonet gleaming. They threw open the door and thrust in the lantern.

The prisoner lay in some straw, his hands and feet bound with rope. At our coming he sat up and blinked for

a moment at the lantern's light. Then he lifted up his chin and looked at me. There was quick recognition in his eyes, instantly veiled; then followed a full, direct gaze. Ah, the power of that look! Something like a flame seemed to leap into my breast and for once it was Bess Heriot's eye that quailed and dropped. My knees went weak, but I kept my countenance. "Lord, sergeant!" cried I in my most affected London drawl, "what an ardent rebel it is. Sure the rogue is dangerous. Take me away."

At 2 of the clock in the morning I led him into the kitchen where a bright fire was burning on the hearth and food and wine stood on the dresser. And coming into the light we stopped to look. Ragged he was and ill-dressed, half-starved and trembling with the cold, but brave and bright and unshaken. Gone was the masque of the dandy, but he was handsome as he never was in coat and wig and powder. And I bore his scrutiny unflinching, being in a kitchen maid's gown and hooded and cloaked, with a smutty face to cap it.

"Zur," said I, hitting off to the life the kitchen maid whose clothes I wore, "don't 'ee waste time. Hast none long to bide. Fill stomach and warm bones."

But to my astonishment, instead of going down on his knee and hailing me as his preserver, he burst out into a laugh and vowed he would not touch a mouthful until I told him how his escape had been effected. So I went on, secure in my disguise:

"Ladyship have a-brought it about. Ladyship says to me zays zhe: 'Wench, come quiet to kitchen wi' your sweetheart, Joe Gamekeeper, for I've a-got a need o' 'ee for what I mind to do. An' zhe telled Joe to zaddle grey hunter—food an' spirits an' pistols in the bags an' a big cloak—'

an' to wait behin' orchard wall. An' Ladyship zays to me, zays zhe, 'Zentry have a-got much zpirits in heaself. Take lantern under zshawl an' zlip all unbeknown through passage to cellar under coach house—push up trap door quiet like—cut ropes—an' bring rebel rogue to kitchen. Give 'ee this purse o' gold for him. Tell him mount Grey Hunter an' ride for life. If he have a-goa 'cart of a vly 'ee'll go free.'"

With that I laid the purse down on the dresser. But he made no move to take and clapped his hands softly, saying it was as good as a play, and then fell to eating.

"Zur," said I, "vy did 'ee zcowl zo. Wast dreamin' o' sweetheart, like?"

"Nay," said he, "no time have I had for sweethearting. But I dreamed of a maid I saw in London. In my dream she was kind, but you waked me to remember that in the flesh she had denied me and called me 'arrant rebel,' and so I scowled."

"Fair, wuz she, zur?" I asked.

"The toast of London town," he said, "but scatter-brained and with a temper." And then he laughed.

The impudent rogue! I said no more till he had finished. And then the audacious fellow came up close and said, with a wonderful dancing light in his eye, but with his lips sweet and sober:

"Now, Lady Bess Heriot, with many thanks for your food and wine and fire your humble servant is ready to go back to his straw—and his dreams."

"Lord! 't was that taken aback I just stood and stared at him. And he went on gravely and soberly:

"Your worshipful father, you see, has given billet for tonight to this captain, and to free his prisoner attains him—and his—of treason. I cannot accept freedom at such a price—to my friends." With that he made a grand bow and stood waiting my answer.

Alas! I know he spoke the truth, but I burst out on him with a torrent of reproaches and assertions that the Heriots had naught to fear from such a cause. Methinks I must have made too light of it, for he drew off cold and distant. But he answered:

"Madame, I would I could accept your estimate of my value as a prisoner, but I know what I know and 'tis trouble for you all—sore trouble."

"But, lad," I cried, "'tis Tyburn Tree else."

"I know," said he gravely. But there was no sign of flinching in him.

And then I forgot all my fine airs and begged him not to throw his young life away—aye, I pleaded with him with tears.

"Lady Bess, why have you done this thing?" he asked me finally, holding me with his eyes.

And I could not say a word, nor could I take my eyes away, and in turn he said nothing, but gazed at me steadfastly a long time.

"I cannot die on Tyburn Tree—now," he said finally. "I will to France and there send word. If you find the price too heavy, send word in time and I will return. And anyway, I will return—some day."

With that the audacious young rebel, still in the shadow of death, threw off his soberness and laughing like a boy for sheer joy of being cast on the floor my kitchen maid's cloak and heedless of the snout took me in his arms and covered my face and lips with kisses. For a minute I fought him; then all my anger and pride oozed out of me and I gave him back kiss for kiss. Then he loosed me and without a word strode out into the night.

Belongs to Husband's Family.

From the time of her betrothal a Chinese girl belongs to the family of her prospective husband, and often when her own family is poor or feels unable to afford keeping her until she reaches a marriageable age, she is sent even while a mere child to her husband's family to be raised by them. Even when she stays at home she worships not the tablets of her own ancestors, but those of her husband's.

## MANY DIE IN FIERCE GALES.

Crew of a Bark Perishes in English Channel.

ABOUT FIFTY ARE DROWNED.

The Vessel Breaks in Two on the Rocks and Goes to Pieces—Numerous Shipping Casualties Are Reported on the British Coast.

London, Dec. 31.—There has been a recurrence of storms and violent gales in the channel and considerable damage has been wrought ashore. Telegraph lines are down in many places and ocean traffic is badly interrupted. Incessant reports of innumerable shipping casualties show that the gale was one of the worst known in many years. Probably several days will elapse before the full extent of the damage becomes known. The bark Primrose Hill went on the Penrhos rocks, three miles off Southstack, not far from Holy Head. She broke in two and went to pieces in a few minutes. Only one man out of the crew of thirty-five was saved by a lifeboat. Some time before she struck the Primrose Hill dropped her anchors, but mountainous seas were running. No sooner had the ill-fated ship touched the rocks than the three aftermasts went overboard and she broke in twain, leaving only the foremast standing. Three minutes later this went also. The vessel was soon smashed up. The Hibernia stood by throughout, but was powerless to aid. The Holyhead steam lifeboat made three vain attempts to reach the Primrose Hill. The latter's crew was huddled on the poop, when a huge sea dashed over the vessel, washing all away, save the one sailor, who was finally hurled against the rocks, sustaining terrible injuries.

A Spanish steamer was driven ashore at Portland breakwater. The Weymouth lifeboat attempted to rescue her crew, but the fearful seas running prevented them. The endangered vessel is the Enacuri (last reported arrived in Bilbao Nov. 29 from Boulogne), which had sought shelter in Portland roads. It is believed the crew can be saved. The British steamer Penpol, from Sulina Nov. 23 for Dublin, is ashore on the sands between Aberavon and Briton ferry. No fatalities have occurred. The gale is so furious in the channel that the continental services were suspended this afternoon.

The Pegasus grounded off Lavernock point, but she was subsequently floated and towed to a place of shelter. When she grounded her boats were made ready for lowering and the falls of one of them carried away, precipitating five men into the water. They were all drowned with the exception of the sailor landed at Cardiff. This man was picked up by a tug. The Austrian bark Capricorn was driven ashore near Bude, Cornwall. Nine of the crew were drowned, one was saved and four are still on board, with little likelihood of being rescued, as they are unable to avail themselves of the rocket apparatus. Two other vessels are ashore on the Cornwall coast. Several were stove in at Ilfracombe harbor. The bark Ragna was wrecked off Trevine, near Cardiff, three of her crew being drowned and nine being rescued by rocket lines. At Oswestry a theater was destroyed.

## LORD BERSEFORD IS DEAD.

Brave Hero of the Zulu War Expires in London.

London, Dec. 31.—Lord William Leslie de la Poer Beresford died at midnight. He was born July 20, 1847. Lord William Beresford was noted for his great daring as a soldier and a horseman. He was offered the Victoria Cross by the Queen for services rendered in the Zulu war. This he refused until the same honor was offered to his gallant comrade in arms, Sergeant O'Toole. During the Zulu war Lord Beresford was sent out to reconnoiter. A swarm of savages in ambush behind the rocks rushed upon him when he was more than two miles from the British lines. When Beresford turned his horse's head he found himself hedged in, but he galloped in the direction of the redcoats sent out to help him. Under a cloud of poisoned assegais he was making his way toward the camp when he saw a wounded soldier on the ground. Dismounting quickly, he put his arm around the soldier's body and urged him to rise. The wounded man protested that there was no use in sacrificing two lives when one might be saved, and refused to accept assistance. Thereupon Beresford threatened to blow his brains out if he didn't let himself be lifted on the horse. With a tremendous effort Beresford placed the soldier in front of him in the saddle. Then with sword in one hand and revolver in the other he renewed the gallop, while the black fellows kept right on hurling their spears. When things were at their worst a mounted soldier dashed out to the rescue and the trio got safely into camp.

Turkey Will Punish Guards.

Constantinople, Dec. 31.—Strong representations having been made by the British embassy to the porte on account of the unwarranted attack made by Turkish guards on members of the embassy staff, the Turkish government has promised full satisfaction and ordered the aggressors to be punished.

Chilean Crisis at an End.

Valparaiso, Chile, Dec. 31.—After a ministerial crisis that has lasted three weeks Senator Juan Antonio Orrego has accepted the position of premier. All the members of the former cabinet have withdrawn their resignations.

Dies from Asphyxiation.

Morris, Ill., Dec. 31.—Will McDermott was overcome with gas at Kendrick hall here and died. He graduated from the local high school last June.

## VISCOUNT KILLS EX-WIFE.

Bloody Deed of a Jealous Nobleman in Paris.

Nice, Dec. 31.—Viscount Jules de Bernouilly shot his divorced wife in the Rue de la Paix. The Viscount fired six shots at his wife, who had strength enough left to call for help and take refuge in a shop, where she died shortly afterward. Mme. Bernouilly, not quite twenty-four years old, had been divorced from her husband sixteen months. Despite this the husband remained intensely jealous of his wife. He frequently upbraided her in the most violent fashion and kept a constant watch on her movements. The only child, a little girl of four years, had been intrusted to the mother's care. The child was a cause of discord, as the husband wanted to have charge of his daughter. De Bernouilly is thirty-three years old. He is said to have frequently told friends of his intention of killing his wife. Directly after he had committed the crime he went to the nearest police station and gave himself up.

Forbids Calling a Physician.

La Porte, Ind., Dec. 21.—Coloma, just across the state line, has been thrown into excitement by the death of a child of Charles Mosher, and, later, the father from typhoid fever, each without medical attendance. The latter is a follower of Thornton Carter, the head of a new religious creed which forbids the calling of a physician in case of sickness. Citizens threaten to force measures to protect the lives of those who are ill with the services of physicians. Carter defies them. A daughter of Mr. Carter has been stricken with typhoid fever and the citizens are determined that she shall have a doctor. Carter has been warned by a vigilance committee to provide one, and serious trouble is feared.

Vast Sum for Steel.

Chicago, Dec. 31.—Behind closed doors and guarded by the deepest secrecy Judge E. H. Gary, president of the Federal Steel Company, tendered a dinner at the Chicago club to the directors, subordinate officers and chiefs of departments of the gigantic corporation of which he is the head. At the board, it is said, the informal announcement was made that the vast sum of \$10,000,000 would be expended in the erection of a structural iron department, in connection with the Illinois Steel works at South Chicago, and in general repairs and additions to the mills.

Milwaukee's Child Thief.

Milwaukee, Dec. 31.—The strangest and most interesting prisoner ever docketed in this state has just been sent away to the industrial school. She is a ten-year-old girl and an habitual criminal—a burglar. Little Gertrude Gebritz is the daughter of respectable parents and her leaning to crime is the result, so the experts say, of an abnormal impulse. She is not insane, but she simply cannot control her inclination to steal.

Opera House in Ashes.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 31.—The Grand opera house at Norristown, Pa., about eighteen miles from here, was destroyed by fire early today. The loss is estimated at \$25,000, and the origin is unknown. The opera house building contained the offices of the Schuylkill Valley Traction company, the Keystone Telephone exchange, several lodg'e rooms and two stores, all of which sustained some damage.

Heavy Snowstorm in New Mexico.

Albuquerque, N. M., Dec. 31.—The heaviest snowstorm that has raged in this section of New Mexico for years has been in progress the last twenty-four hours in Sandia mountains, east of this city. The thermometer has gone several degrees below the freezing point, something unprecedented in Albuquerque.

Twelve London Firms in Peril.

London, Dec. 31.—The suspension of the London and Globe Finance corporation has been followed today by the hammering on the stock exchange of twelve firms. The London and Globe Finance corporation, a leading investment company of England, with a capital of \$10,000,000, is in difficulty and unable to meet the heavy demands upon it.

Boy Shoots His Sister.

Nevada, Mo., Dec. 31.—Six-year-old Roy Gillette, son of R. A. Gillette, accidentally shot his four-year-old sister here with a target rifle. The ball, a 22-caliber, entered the head just above the right temple, fracturing the skull. The doctors are uncertain as to the results.

Porto Ricans to Go to Hawaii.

San Juan de Porto Rico, Dec. 31.—The New York and Porto Rico Steamship company's steamer Arkadia has sailed from Ponce for New Orleans, having on board 400 Porto Ricans, 65 per cent of whom were women and children, destined for Hawaii.

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## SISTERS OF GOOD SHEPHERD

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grippe and Catarrh—A Congressman's Letter.



In every county of the civilized world the Sisters of the Good Shepherd are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs.

With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent Sisters have found Pe-ru-na a never-failing safeguard.

Columbus, O., July 10, 1900.

The Peruna Medicine Co., City:

Gentlemen—"A number of years ago our attention was called to Dr. Hartman's Peruna, and since then we have used it with wonderful results for grippe, coughs, colds, and catarrhal diseases of the head and stomach."

"For grip and winter catarrh especially it has been of great service to the inmates of this institution."—Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

The following letter is from Congressman Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio:

You are probably a fool in the estimation of the men you consider a crank.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Japan has passed a bill to prohibit boys under 20 years of age smoking.

If you have never used Garfield Tea, the original herb medicine, send to the Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for FREE SAMPLE. Garfield Tea cures.

When people of a critical tendency say "some people" they mean you.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BISMUTH TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

It is often easier to be thought stupid than to make an effort.

For Blood and Nerves. Take Knill's Red Pills for Wan People. "Pale or Weak." 25c. All druggists.

Abuse is doubly painful when wit is used as a conveyance.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES.

Most men employ the first part of their lives to make the last part miserable.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A woman with a three-inch tongue can make a giant feel like a midge.

A vigorous growth and the original color given to the hair by PARKER'S HAIN BALSAM.

A man seldom loses the respect of others until he has lost his own.

Some articles must be described. White's Yuccatan needs no description; it's the real thing.

A pessimist is a man who was born without a love for strawberries.

C. R. Crabtree, Des Moines, Iowa, will on request explain all about the Gladstone Gold-Mining Company, extremely interesting; write now.

It's a poor picture that attracts less attention than the frame.

"All the Sweetness of Living Blossoms," the matchless perfume, BARRY & LAUMAN Florida Water.

"Clara, you know I'm right." "Of course, Clarence; that's what makes me so mad."

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The Peruna Medicine Co., City:

Gentlemen—I have used several bottles of Peruna and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that its continued use will fully eradicate a disease of thirty years' standing.—David Meekison.

Dr. Hartman.

one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first man to formulate Pe-ru-na. It was through his genius and perseverance that it was introduced to the medical profession of this country.

Send to the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book written by Dr. Hartman.

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## LOSS OF MEMORY

